

A SUCCESSFUL RETRIEVER.



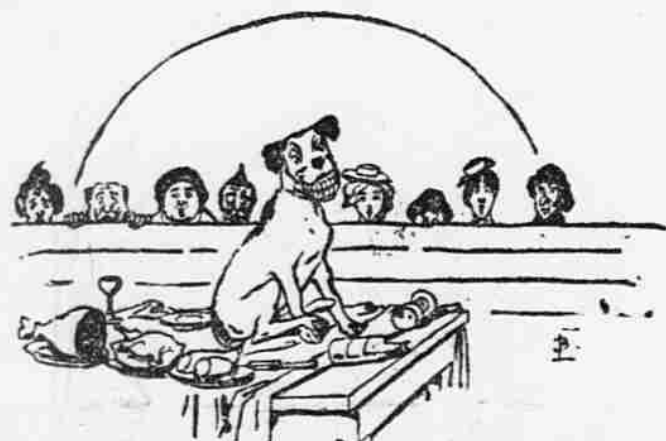
"Something dreadful has happened, Baron—while playing tennis I've just lost my false teeth!"
"Oh, don't worry, Fraulein; we'll have 'em directly! Now, Fido, something's lost! Seek it! Seek it!"



"Come, ladies and gentlemen, let us sit down to luncheon!"



"Help! help! The dog's gone mad!"



And Fido thought the people had gone mad.—Der Dorfbarbier.



A QUESTION OF IDENTITY.

Professor of Surgery: "Remarkable resemblance! Tell me, my good man, did I make a post-mortem examination of you yesterday?"—Megendorfer Blaetter.



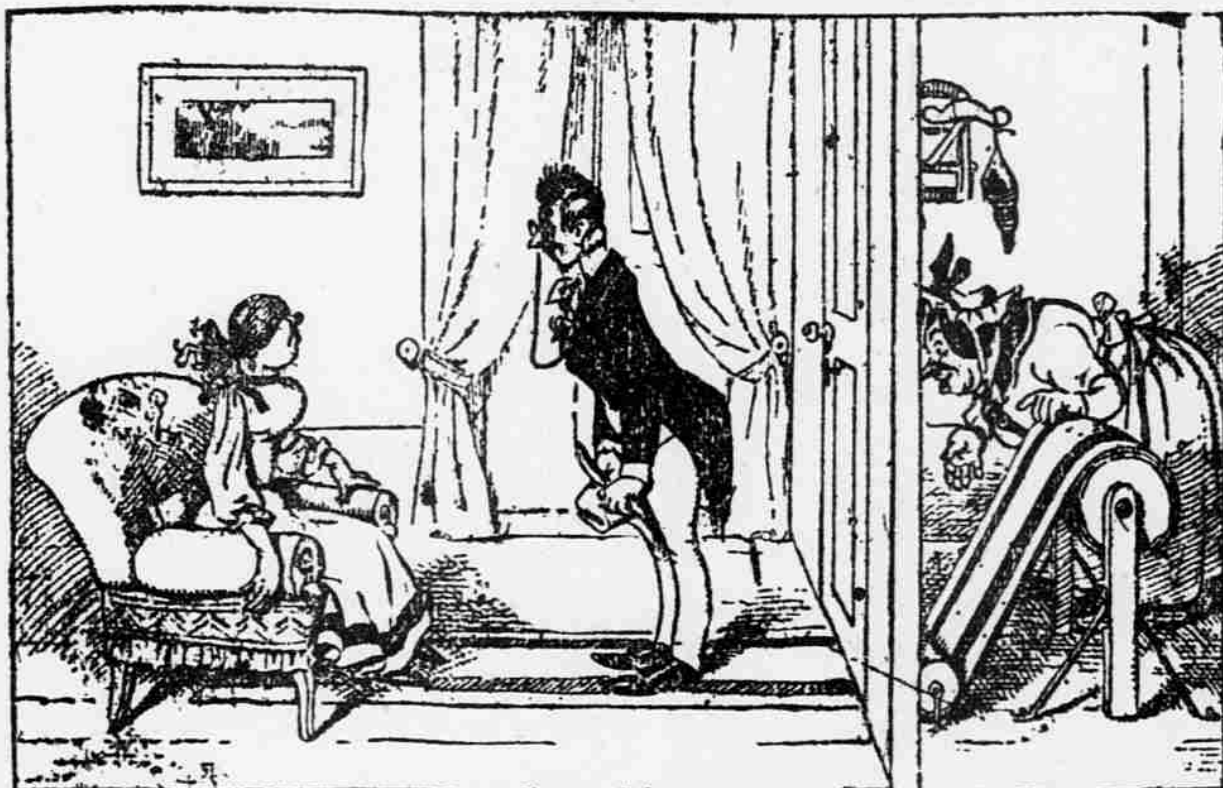
A HARMONIOUS CLUB.

Photographer (to members of the Concordia Club): "Now, gentlemen, you will look pleasant for only a minute, then you can fight on."—Der Dorfbarbier.

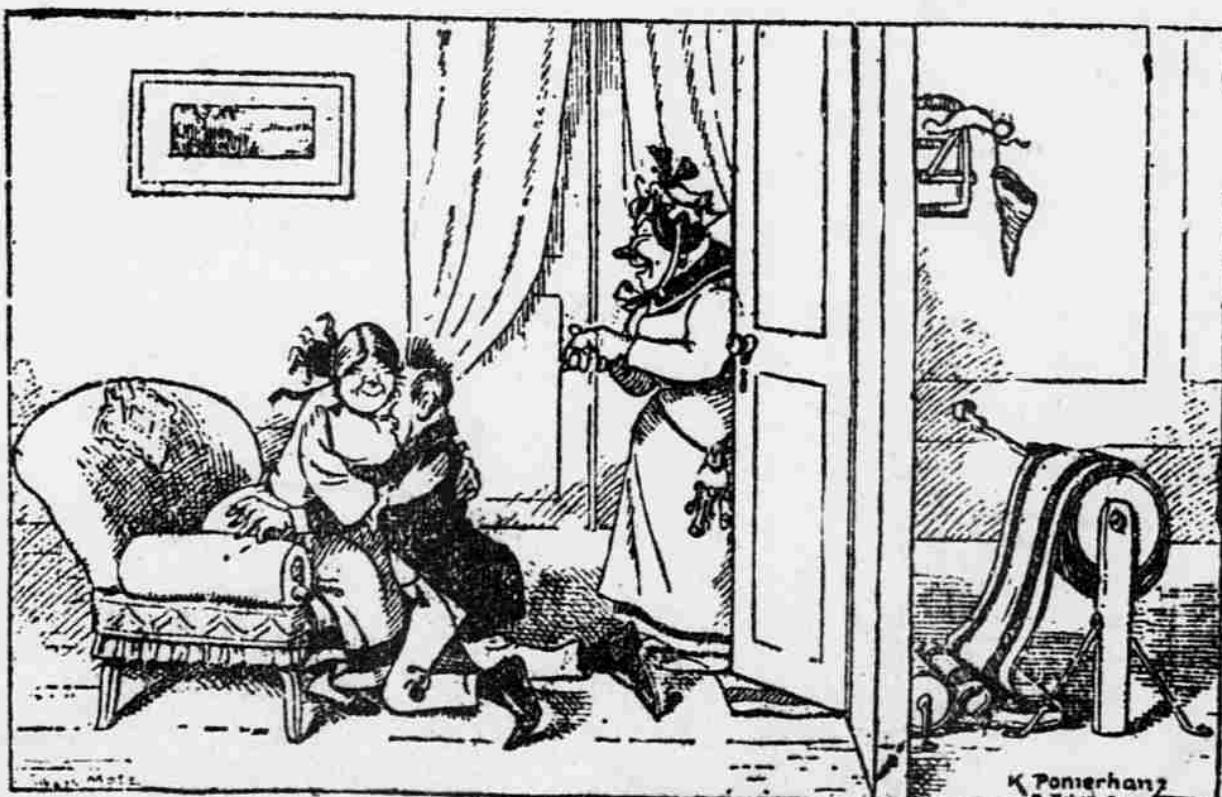
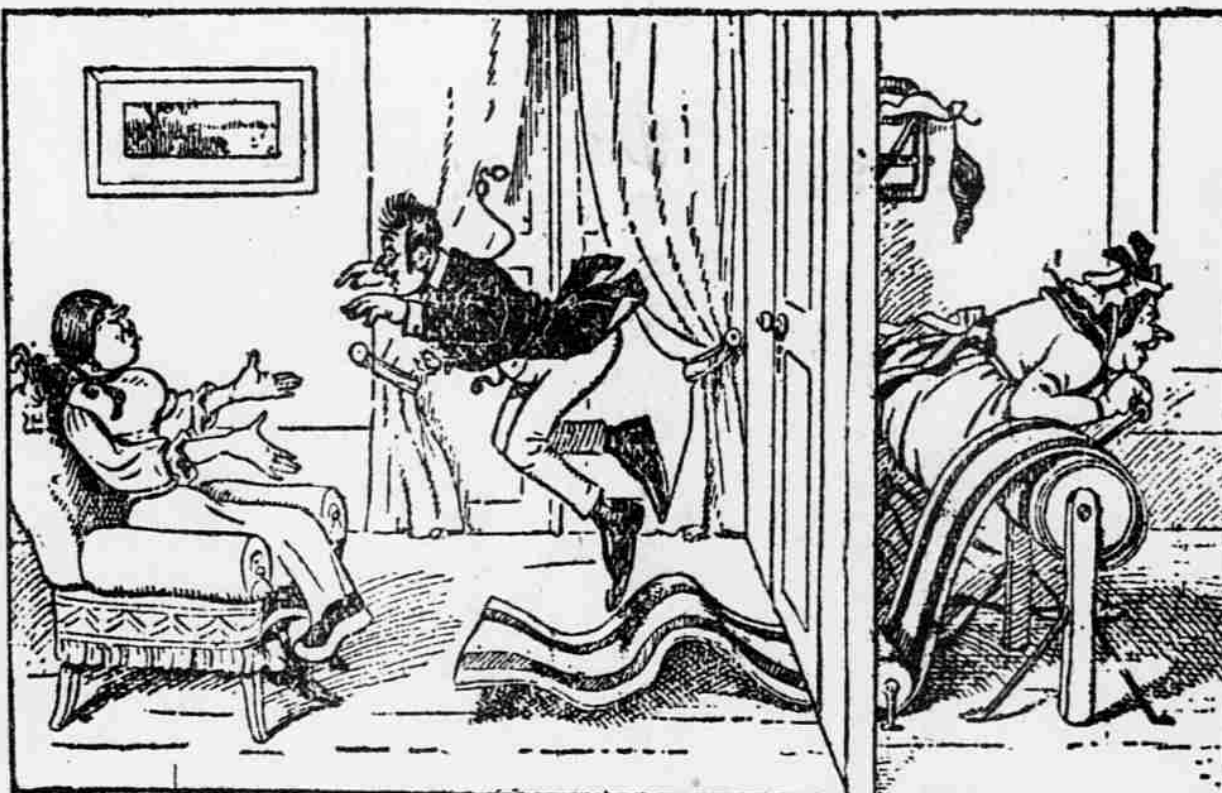
COURTSHIP MADE EASY.



"I'm not going to wait forever, Babette, for Herr Rango to propose. You sit right where you are and I'll see to the rest, for he'll be here directly."



"All alone to-day, fraulein? Where is your m—"



"Bless you, my children, bless you!"—Megendorfer Blaetter.

Ways and Means.

The best way on earth to drift into bankruptcy is to establish a liberal credit.—Baltimore News.

Doctor: "I am slightly in doubt as to whether yours is a constitutional disease or not."
Patient: "For heaven's sake, doctor, have I got to go to the expense of appealing to the United States Supreme Court to find out whether it is or not?"—Richmond Dispatch.

Harry, aged 5, was looking over his sister's geography one day, when he finally asked: "Mamma, did God make the ocean?"
"Yes, dear," replied his mother.
"Well," said the small philosopher, "I'll bet it rained awful hard the day before."—Chicago News.

An Attempt to Account for It.
Says the cynic of the Washington Post: "Remember, sons, that a few men in this country have made it grow up and be

great without ever having had a college yell."
Some impediment in their speech, perhaps.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Jinks: "I tell you what it is, there is nothing like having lots of friends."
Winks: "I presume not."
Jinks: "No, sir-ree. As quick as I lose a job my friends go all round hunting a new place for me so as to save me the trouble of borrowing money from them."—Pearson's Weekly.

"This tusk," said the Jersey commuter, "I dug up in my garden. It's all of 4 feet long. Remarkable, isn't it?"
"Yes, it's very probable the bill of a prehistoric mosquito."—Catholic Standard.

No Danger.
He: "Don't you ever get tired of being made love to?"
She: "I might if it were always the same man."—Detroit Free Press.

The Right Trust for Them.

"I've been told that the bass drummers of the country have formed a trust."
"Why didn't they go into a trust that's already formed?"
"What trust?"
"The best trust!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I just heard that man say that the season for mosquitoes was almost here," said one insect as it swayed on a twig.
"How egotistical!" exclaimed the other.
"What he should say is that it is about time for us to make ready for the human-being season."—Washington Star.

The Girl From the Scientific School.
"Our daughter has at last met her fate, my dear."
"How do you know?"
"She received several letters from her admirers this morning, but his was the only one she didn't fumigate and sterilize."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



She (to Raphael Greene, who paints gems for the R. A. that are never accepted): "I do hope you'll be hung this year. I'm sure you deserve to be!"—Punch.

THE PENALTY OF BEING FUNNY.



Jenkins: "I've just been to see Lapsleigh; poor fellow, he's in a fearful state of dejection."
Johnkins: "What? After the enormous success of that funny book of his?"
Jenkins: "My dear fellow, that's just it. He's got to be funnier in the next book, and it's worrying him."—Moonshine.



A HEAVY TRUNK.

Gentleman: "Can you take that trunk to my residence?"
Expressman: "No, and if it was filled with dollar bills I would not undertake to lift it."—Der Dorfbarbier.



THE BEAST.

Wife (amateur singer): "Yes, dear, I had to sing no less than three times."
Brutal Husband (who hates that sort of thing): "Never mind, dear; perhaps the people thought you wanted practice. You'll do better next time."—Moonshine.